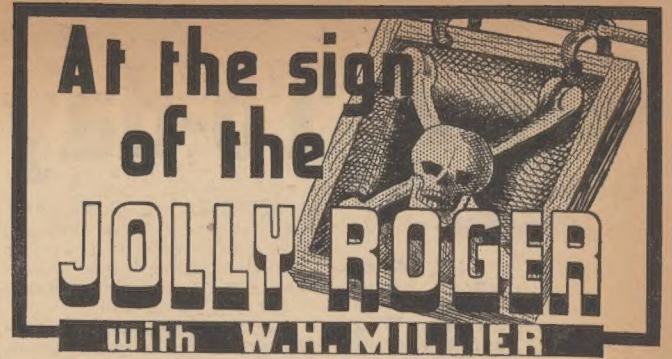


Good Morning 414

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

The bar is snug
The beer is drawn
So—says our famous
contributor—Let's
talk about . . .



SPORT, THE ROYAL NAVY, AND ME

AHOY, my roving cronies of the Jolly Roger! Ahoy, all of you, whether crawling on the beds of the seven seas, or taking your fill of the sweet, fresh air under the starlit sky of the Southern Cross. Tune in to my private wave-length and lend me your lugs for one brief interlude.

Let me intrude for just sufficient space to introduce myself. What do you say? You know me quite well already! Maybe you do, but I feel that I ought to emerge a little further from my shell in order that you may know the sort of clam that is masquerading as an oyster.

If this effusion lacks cohesion, you will know that it is because I am so unaccustomed to mentioning myself—except to myself, and then the words are so blistering that they are not repeatable—that I am apt to flounder; all of which sounds fishy.

Pardon my presumption in claiming some affinity with all you deep-sea divers. You see, I can claim to have the sea in my blood. I have never served in a submarine, neither have I served in any capacity in the Royal Navy, for which the Senior Service may feel well and truly thankful, but I flatter myself in saying I am one of your bunch.

So far as the Royal Navy is concerned, I am something of a family Ishmaelite, a confession that is wrong from me for the first time. No! I was not a dutiful son. My father was nurtured in the Navy, the Royal Navy, as he would al-

ways insist. You know how cricketers, directly the nurse tells them "You are the father of a beautiful boy," or words to that effect, rush off without a moment's hesitation and enter the son's name at Lord's.

Well, my fond parent could not exactly enter his son at birth for the Royal Navy, but he did what he thought was the next-best thing, and that was to pledge his son to the Service in a celebration with as many of his old shipmates as he could gather round him.

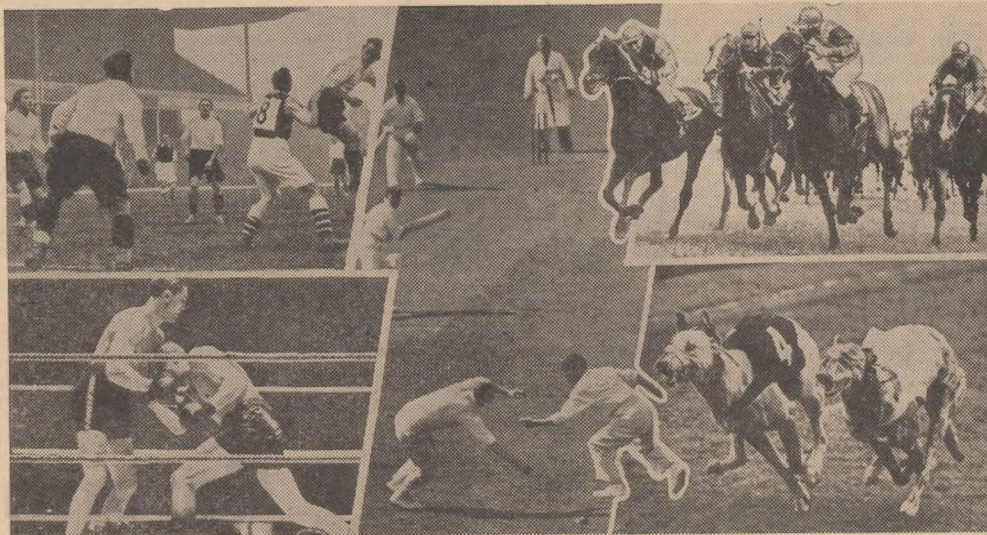
Of course, at that time he could not possibly know what sort of cuckoo had been hatched out in his crow's nest. He was soon to learn.

I was brought up in a naval atmosphere right enough. The first picture I ever saw used to hang over my tiny cot. "That's Daddy's ship, dear," I used to be told; and later on, when my acquisitiveness ran to some expensive toy, the backsliding answer was usually "When Daddy's ship comes home, you'll have it."

I used to look at the picture of that ship and wonder whether she would ever make port.

This is going back a bit, as you will gather when I tell you that this pride of the Royal Navy at the period of her greatness looked rather like a cross between an Arctic whaler and the Woolwich ferry-boat.

As I grew and developed into deeper shades of juvenile iniquity, the old man would focus his grimmest gaze on my



small person and say, "All right, my boy, wait until you are in the Navy. They'll lick you into shape."

My rejoinder was always kept to myself. It had to be. RETORT TO NELSON.

I used to be reminded with much detail that my great-grandfather had served under Nelson at Trafalgar, and the time came when, with what was considered to be rank heresy, I offered to lay 6 to 4 that the old boy had been scooped into the Service by means of the press-gang.

Another opinion, which hitherto I have kept to myself, is that it must have been

this worthy great-grandfather who was the unnamed hero of that verbal broadside which greeted the famous signal.

You probably know the one I refer to. When the signal was hoisted, "England expects . . ." a loud voice was heard to exclaim indignantly: "What! Does the old so-and-so think we're not going to do it?"

Shade of my ancestor! Your great-grandson carries on the tradition, except that he was scooped up by a different sort of press-gang and is in another Fleet.

When the 1914 disturbance came along the colour of my cloth was khaki. It was not until some time later that I realised how deeply it had hurt my fond parent to find that his eldest son had become—he could scarcely permit himself to express the word politely—a soldier!

He came to visit me in hospital, and, as kindly as he could, he tried to relieve his mind of what he felt to be a duty by asking, "What on earth made you choose the Army?"

I tried to hide my laugh, but I just had to run true to form, and I explained it thus: "You see, I acted on impulse. I happened to wander into a graveyard in search of inspiration for a piece of work that was troubling my mind, and, sitting on a tombstone to collect a few merry thoughts, I noticed—what do you think?"

He gave it up. "Why, a big, streaming poster overlooking that graveyard. It read, 'WAKE UP, MEN OF ENGLAND! YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU. JOIN THE ARMY AT ONCE.' I thought to myself, if the country needs men as badly as all that, I'd better go at once, and I did."

By one of those curious freaks of fate I met the man who was the boss of the humorous billposter, the gink who slapped his streamer over the graveyard, at a much later date, in Flanders.

When I told him about it he was tickled to such effect that he wrote to his office and instructed his secretary to give the man a rise.

No, my hearties! This is not to be a start on war-time reminiscences or anything so boring. All painful episodes are stored away and locked securely in the junk chest that serves for a mind. The more joyous moments are occasionally brought to the surface to provide a laugh now and again.

What a grand thing it is to be able to laugh once in a while! Life is serious enough for most of us in all conscience without piling up the gloom.

The notion I am trying to convey is that I think I have a fairly accurate idea of the bugbears of a submariner's life in war-time—the long intervals when nothing can be found to break the monotony of nights and days, which are all very much alike; too much time for introspective thought, and all the yearnings for the unobtainable.

I have been marooned in the African bush for what seemed to be a slice of a lifetime, and I have gone without many things which had previously seemed to have been indispensable.

This I mention merely to show that I can join you in spirit, as it were, and share your emotions.

You have your company of merry messmates and you have "Good Morning."

I can tell you that my comrades and I would have given a year's pay to have had something like "Good Morning" to read in equatorial Africa; where we felt cut off from the rest of the world, as indeed we were.

I have seen torn pages of the cheapest reading matter—the sort of blood-and-thunder yarn that had to be hidden away and read secretly in odd corners—change hands for extraordinary articles of barter just to satisfy the craving for something to read.

With you there is no shortage of water, and no doubt there are times when you wish you could see less of it. In Africa our main water supply on many occasions was the amount of dew that could be collected overnight in a waterproof groundsheet.

It is rather curious how the effect of this lack of water remains for many years afterwards on an impressionable mind. For my part, I used to feel it sinful to even half fill the bath, long after I reached civilisation once again, but that is by the way.

When after a long time in the bush a few of us reached the Rufiji, it struck us as a really wonderful sight to see so much water.

This was the river where the German warship, the Königsberg, ran aground and toppled over on her side after being chased there by one of our cruisers. We pitched our tiny tents on

the opposite bank. As our numbers dwindled, and, not for the first time, we felt fed-up and far from home, someone suggested that it would be grand if only we could have a pint and join the jolly company at the Brown Cow, the Dog and Duck, or the Bricklayer's Arms.

The evening at the local (or village) pub was the big thing the boys looked forward to, not so much for the good brew that was dispensed there, desirable enough as that was to men who had not seen the colour of British beer for many moons, as the jolly yarns and cheery conversation of kindred spirits.

It has occurred to me that this sort of longing might even still be the same, and, as submariners are blithe spirits, who are fond of good company, they might long for an evening at the local pub. Well, I am afraid my old friend the magician has lost his magic touch and it will be impossible to produce the foaming tankards, but I might try to reproduce the atmosphere of an evening in the village inn. MAKE IT A DATE.

I think I can promise you that our cosy bar parlour will be full of good cheer. It is no ordinary place, not by a long shot, though it is not so much the place that matters as the particular cronies you meet there. They are all, or nearly all, sportsmen, and, as you may expect, the conversation is generally concerned with sport, and it changes only to go from one particular sport to another.

It is only to be expected that a mug will put in an occasional appearance, but, although mugs are tolerated in this sporting company, they are not permitted to overstep the bounds of propriety, and if they ask silly questions, as mugs frequently do, be sure they will be given the right answer.

It is not very attractive if the quality of the beer does not match the mellowed cosiness of our inn, and even if the liquor and comfort of the surroundings are top-scorers, what are these if the landlord is not all that a landlord should be? It is indeed a rare thing to find all three under one roof, but they are obtainable under the thick thatch of our own genuine Tudor inn, The Jolly Roger.

Our landlord is the best of hosts; a sportsman and a boon companion; a man of ripe wisdom with a philosophical outlook on life in general. He is a good talker, largely because he is a good listener.

I think you will like him, and all the other odd assortment he has collected around him to make an evening in his company pass all too quickly. We shall see.

That's a "date," then. We'll meet in the oak-beamed parlour of the Jolly Roger.

Michael and Pam are Shy A.B. Thomas Jones

The two shyest children that "Good Morning" have ever come across, A.B. Thomas Jones, are your niece and nephew—Pamela and Michael.

When we called at your home, Tom, 28, Dawson Street, Gorton, Manchester, Pam and her Granny were just returning from doing a spot of shopping.

Little Pam eyed us up and down, and must have decided that we were suspicious-looking characters, for she disappeared into the kitchen, and not even our photographer,



who is persuasiveness itself, could coax her out.

Michael came bouncing in a few minutes after, but ceased his bouncing abruptly when he realised that his Gran wasn't alone. He, too, disappeared into the kitchen.

We talked to your mother for a few minutes, Tom, getting the low-down for you, and then decided to go into the kitchen to see what those two bundles of mischief were doing.

Pam was standing up at the table, covered in cocoa, with her tongue in the tin, trying desperately hard to reach the bottom for the last few grains.

While Michael was searching the kitchen shelves, hopefully looking for another tin.

Pam didn't want her photo taken, and just went on steadily digging into the cocoa tin.

Dad was out bread-winning, but your mother asked us to tell you that he followed out your instructions and had a pint for you at the "club" on his birthday.

During all the time that I had been talking to your mother, Tom, our photographer had been coaxing those two scamps to have a photograph taken, but he hadn't made much headway.

His patience was nearing its end, and so we decided to go, with the one photo of Pam and her cocoa tin which we had managed to snap when she didn't know.

We went out of the door, and just as we were getting into the car, the two young scamps came out to the doorstep, and before they could stop to think, "click" went the camera, and Michael had been caught at last.



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

QUIZ for today

1. Junco is a bird, clown, patriot, milk pudding, house-hold rubbish?
2. Who wrote (a) The Wind and the Rain, (b) The Wind in the Willows?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tilbury, Chariot, Brougham, Sulky, Waggonette, Perambulator, Palanquin, Phaeton.
4. What colour is the ribbon of the George Cross?
5. Who is the present Lord Chief Justice of England?
6. What colour is a British ninepenny stamp?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Insignia, Inseient, Insane, Insanable, Insulse, Inseule.
8. What country uses a coin called a quetzales?
9. In which of the United States is Reno?
10. What common metal squeaks when it is bent?
11. Who crowned Napoleon as Emperor?
12. What is a French soldier's peaked hat called?

Answers to Quiz in No. 413

1. Bird.
2. (a) Robert Browning, (b) James Bridie.
3. Mordant is not a musical term; others are.
4. Cuckoo, Peewit.
5. £600.
6. Jamaica.
7. Hoonce.
8. Haiti.
9. Haiti with blue stripes.
10. The Chinese used rocket-driven spears against the Tartars, A.D. 1232.
11. Linen and cotton.
12. Red, Yellow, Green, Brown, Blue, Pink, Black.

WANGLING WORDS—353

1. Put a home in AMY and make a truce.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Ew neo unyog hewn rewe ayd.**
3. Mix LEAD, add B, and get part of a knife.
4. Find the two hidden countries in: **Though you offer us Siamese cats, we deny their value as good mousers.**

To-day's Brains Trust

A MEMBER of Parliament, a Secretary in a Colonial Office, an American Traveller of a firm making motor accessories, and a retired Colonel, discuss the question:

Modern transport is making the world a much smaller place. Should there not be a universal rule of the road, and if so, should it be "Keep to the right" or "Keep to the left"?

Member: "Of course there should be a universal rule of the road, and I think it should be the simplest now in use, which is certainly not the British one."

"In England you keep to the left when driving, to the right when walking or leading a horse, and again to the right when rowing on a river."

"The rule at sea is always keep to the right. In my opinion, it would cause less trouble to make the sea rule universal than to try to persuade the whole world to keep to the left."

Colonel: "I disagree. I like to see the old British customs preserved, and wherever the British race has spread the rule of the road should be 'Keep to the left.' The greater part of the civilised world is occupied or controlled by the British or their cousins, and I think it is up to those who persist in keeping to the wrong side of the road to fall in line with us."

Secretary: "With all due respect to the Colonel, that is all nonsense. The British Empire itself—which, by the way, is not the greater part of the civilised world—does not keep universally to the left."

"For instance, the rule in Canada and in Gibraltar is 'Keep to the right,' as it is in the U.S.A. and on the Continent of Europe. Our rule is antiquated and out of date, besides being in a very small minority."

"Moreover, since we already have the 'right' rule for pedestrians and shipping, it ought to be easier for us to change than for anybody else."

Traveller: "I have two things to say about this. The first is against my own view, but I believe in being fair. It is that several foreign coun-

tries, such as Sweden and Japan, keep to the left, and the British are not alone in their tiresome old custom."

"The second is, why should the Colonel and his supporters think that their old customs are more worthy of preservation than other people's?"



"Somehow or other, they trained themselves up a barage balloon cable!"

"If there is to be a universal rule, somebody's old customs have got to go by the board, and I can't for the life of me see why they shouldn't be Britain's."

Member: "While it is natural to want to keep one's old customs, I think it is only legitimate to do so when they don't cause difficulties for other people. When they do, it is an opportunity for a generous sacrifice. Such a sacrifice on our part would actually benefit us in a number of ways."

"It would cancel part of our reputation for pig-headed insularity, it would simplify travelling abroad, and therefore benefit business, and it would reduce confusion at home and lower the accident rate."

"I strongly advocate our making the change, and if we cannot bring ourselves to do it from pure motives, then let us do it from mixed ones."

Colonel: "Can nobody see what confusion such a change would cause? Drivers everywhere would get into perpetual difficulties, the accident rate would go up—not down—by leaps and bounds, most of the cars in this country would

Crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.

Gibbon, "On London."

The English (it must be owned) are rather a foul-mouthed nation.

Hazlitt.

JANE



have wrong-handed drives, and millions would have to be spent altering the road signs and traffic directions. The risk of a change is too great."

Secretary: "We all agree that there ought to be a universal rule, and that somebody therefore has got to face the risk and the expense."

"An impartial judge would probably place that duty with the smallest and richest country, which is, I think, Britain."

"The choice is virtually between changing Britain, some comparatively sparsely inhabited colonies and dominions, and Japan, or changing the whole continent of America and nearly all of Europe."

Traveller: "Not the whole of America. In the Argentine, for instance, the rule is 'Keep to the left.'"

"But an important point to be considered is the proportion of the population which possess cars in each case, and here, I think, U.S.A. leads the way."

"Everybody there has a car, and the rule is 'Keep to the right.' Britain would suffer less per million inhabitants than U.S.A., and I think she should be asked to change her rule before the Americans and Canadians."

Catering for the Sweet Tooth

By John Fleetwood

PERHAPS the most hard-pressed war workers are those engaged on the processing of the sugar-beet harvest. At the height of the season, women and girls, as well as men, toil almost ceaselessly loading the 37,000 tons arriving daily by road, rail, river and canal at 18 special factories.

Here work goes on 24 hours a day, seven days a week, on the bumper crops being produced by 52,000 farmers on hundreds of thousands of acres of Britain's finest land.

Normally our consumption of sugar is about 2,000,000 tons a year, about 100lbs. a head. Now, little comes from abroad, and rationed consumption is reduced to 25lbs. per person. But this and the vast needs of the catering and brewing industries have practically all to be met from home production. It is one of our war-time food production wonders.

At one time the only sweetening substance used in England was honey. Thousands of people kept bees, and those who didn't gathered honey wild from the woods.

Meanwhile the Chinese and East Indians had been growing sugar cane for centuries; and it was somewhere about the eleventh century that the world's "middlemen" of the time, Arab traders, thought of including the stuff with the spices they brought to England.

But it was not until the Middle Ages that sugar was anything other than a luxury sweetmeat restricted to the wealthiest households, and a manufacturing medium in the alcoholic beverages made in the monasteries.

Aside from its addition to and incorporation in finished foods, sugar of itself has a special place in the dietary of those whose work requires sustained physical effort—athletes, boat race eights, mountaineers.

The Everest climber, Dr. Somervell, spoke of it as one of the few foods which it is possible to stomach at very high altitudes.

With the plantations of the British Colonies in full swing, and the rising popularity of tea and coffee drinking, consumption of cane sugar as a sweetener was established. Usually it was exchanged for English wool.

Not until about 140 years ago did the beet industry evolve. Napoleon began it in 1806 in an endeavour to cripple the British trade in sugar cane. In a measure he did so, for

soon Prussia and a large part of the Continent were following his example.

In the years that followed, sugar-beet production became colossal, far exceeding consumption. Often the surplus sugar would be burned as rubbish. The price slumped to 1d. a pound, and had to be fixed by international agreement.

Even at about 2d. a pound production remained heavy, but new ways were now found to absorb it. The quality of Portland cement was improved with the addition of sugar; an ounce to each half-pint of water was often mixed with plaster of paris. Sugar in water became a recognised anti-incrustator, detaching the "scale" from boilers without the bother of scraping it away.

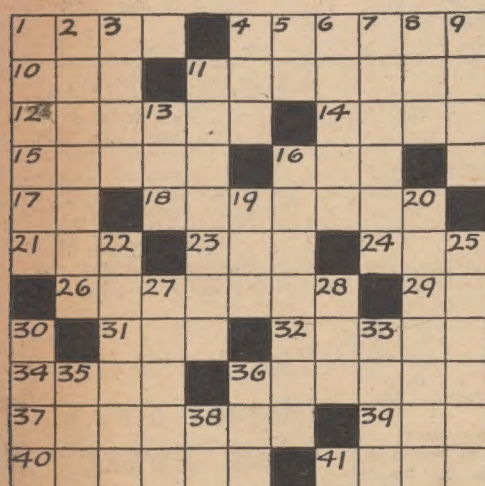
Advertisements announced strange new functions; household wrinkles passed from housewife to housewife. When washing the wicker furniture of the time, for instance, a lump or two of sugar in the water would make chairs and tables look like new, and prevent tiresome creaking. Mixed with blacklead, it removed rust from the firegrate. A few grains found their way into matchboxes affected by damp. It prevented cheese from going mouldy. Granulated sugar kept the housewife's hands clean, removed roughness. It counteracted an overabundance of salt in food, and worked wonders in a poultice, along with soap.

Those days of plenty will return—but not yet.

Germany, normally Europe's heaviest sugar-beet producer apart from Russia, has to supplement her diminished acreage by making sugar synthetically from sawdust.

In 1939, war caught Britain with very limited reserves, acutely restricted importation of the cane product, and only a relatively small acreage of sugar-beet production. Now, under the war-time agricultural programme, the British industry, centred mainly in Lincolnshire, has been expanded to 400,000 acres.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

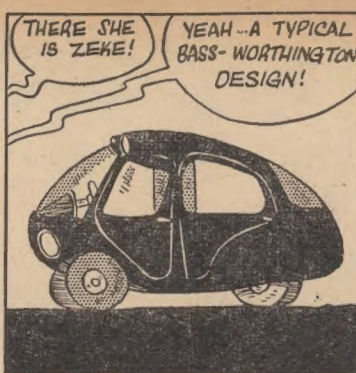
- 1 Smaller.
- 4 Hot drink.
- 10 Skill.
- 11 Fetter.
- 12 Sounded joyful.
- 14 Rodents.
- 15 American animal.
- 16 Swelling.
- 17 Pronoun.
- 18 Head fireman.
- 21 Young animal.
- 23 Coloured fluid.
- 24 Plant juice.
- 26 Shaped.
- 29 Short number.
- 31 Some.
- 32 Branches.
- 34 Babble.
- 36 Useless.
- 37 Number.
- 39 Through.
- 40 Tried.
- 41 Short county.

CRASH VALET
OUTLET FINE
ASTIR BANDS
SKID FORGET
T CELLO SAY
H SOUTH R
FOR VISOR C
ELATED MACE
ALDER CANON
TOIL FAGGOT
SWILL MEETS

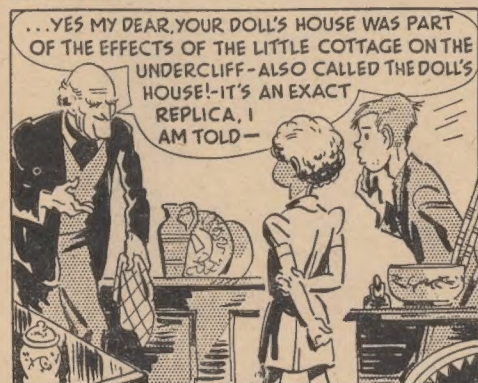
CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Of milk.
- 2 Mistake.
- 3 Withhold.
- 4 Stuff.
- 5 Dealing with.
- 6 Rescues.
- 7 Soft cakes.
- 8 Old measure.
- 9 Swarm.
- 11 Gaily.
- 13 Peruke.
- 16 Restless.
- 19 Terminate.
- 20 Smarted.
- 22 Planks.
- 25 Problems.
- 27 Not alight.
- 28 Speck.
- 30 Place.
- 33 Mellow.
- 35 Yorkshire river.
- 36 Pet notion.
- 38 Compass point.

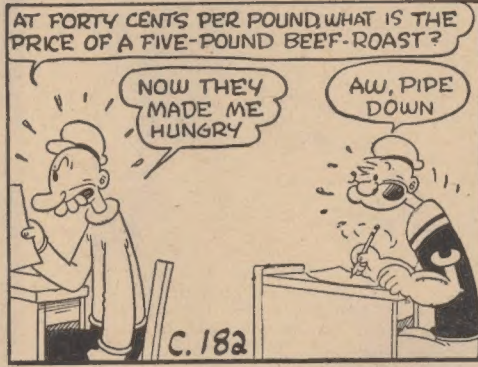
BEELZEBUB JONES



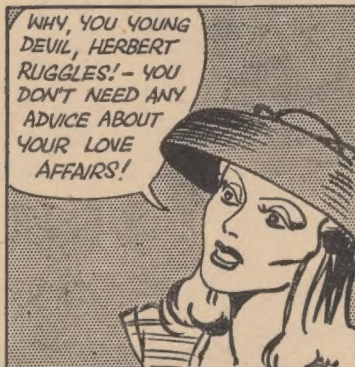
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

I CANNOT do better than resume my discussion of our great new ex-Servicemen's association about which I wrote a week ago. You will remember that each of you—each of the eight million in the Armed Forces—pays twopence a week, which will produce annually some 3½ million pounds. We decided to work on constitutional lines and get control of Parliament by making it "worth while" for Members of the Commons and for the few who attend the House of Lords. The 615 Members of the House of Commons will, eventually, get £1,200 a year from us, and, say, two hundred of the Peers—all that it is worth bothering about—can be secured for £350 a year.

This, with a few decent bonuses for special jobs, Christmas presents and a bit of "sweetening" for any opposition there may be, will use up under a million, still leaving us with over 2½ millions.

Having secured Parliament, we should be well advised to devote some attention to local government. Here, as is well known, most of the real power lies in the hands of the permanent officials—town clerks, borough surveyors, treasurers, medical officers of health, and such like. Now, there are in England and Wales the following local government bodies—City of London, Metropolitan Boroughs (28), administrative counties (61), county boroughs (83), non-county boroughs (309), urban districts (572), and rural districts (475).

Allocating a thousand pounds ON THE AVERAGE for each of these, the total comes to £1,529,000. Naturally, we shall spend more in the more important bodies than in the less important ones, but for purposes of calculation the above average will suffice for the moment. Neither Scotland nor Northern Ireland is included in the above, so that, assessing expenditure here on the basis of population, we shall have to allow a further £235,230 for these two parts of the British Isles. (Their population is about 6½ times as little as that of England and Wales.)

We must not forget the police, and perhaps the best way to see that they are happy is to give them each a fiver at Christmas. The latest figures in my possession show that in 1938 there were 71,399 police in the British Isles. Consequently we shall have to budget for £356,995.

We can now see what our total expenses so far are likely to be. If we add up costs for Parliament, Local Government and Police, the grand total is just over three million, made up of Parliament, £808,000, exclusive of extras referred to above; Local Government, England and Wales, £1,529,000; Local Government, Scotland and Northern Ireland, £235,230; and Police, £356,995.

I have set out these figures in detail because I want you to see how your money is going to be spent.

We shall have left somewhat under half a million pounds for salaries of myself and other officials and for stamps and stationery. If the twopence a week is not enough, I have no doubt that you will be willing to pay threepence instead.

You will agree, I am sure, that we have already achieved something. We have (on paper) control of the government of the country. It is up to you to be worthy of that vast power which you have (I hope) entrusted to me as your deputy.

That is, perhaps, as far as we need go with the scheme at the moment. In the meantime, if any of you blokes would like to be Members of Parliament (with a settled and secure income for life), drop me a line, and I will see that your names go down on the list. First come, first served, though I am promising nothing.

By the way, in order to meet preliminary expenses, before we get properly organised, you will no doubt wish to send along a year's subscription in advance!

We have, as you can well imagine, been very much handicapped by lack of funds. Not that we wouldn't be very proud to work for you all free, gratis and for nothing (as the French say), but pride is to be avoided at all costs; and the cost here would be very small.

The year's subscription is 8s. 4d., but if you like to make it ten bob, you will receive a signed photograph of the founder and permanent chief.



POSTSCRIPT.

I hope you will not think that I am over-emphasising this question of money, but, especially in a nation-wide movement such as we propose, it would be fatal to be handicapped by scanty funds. In spite of the fact that we are all rather short, we must make a special effort—and in this I am sure I have the support of S. Evans, who writes me from "Unshaken," soliciting my support for the C.E.R.A.'s Subsistence Society, which exists to prevent C.E.R.A.s dying of thirst. I am sure he is big enough to put our combined needs before his own.

Good Morning



"Brother, I can smell something cooking."

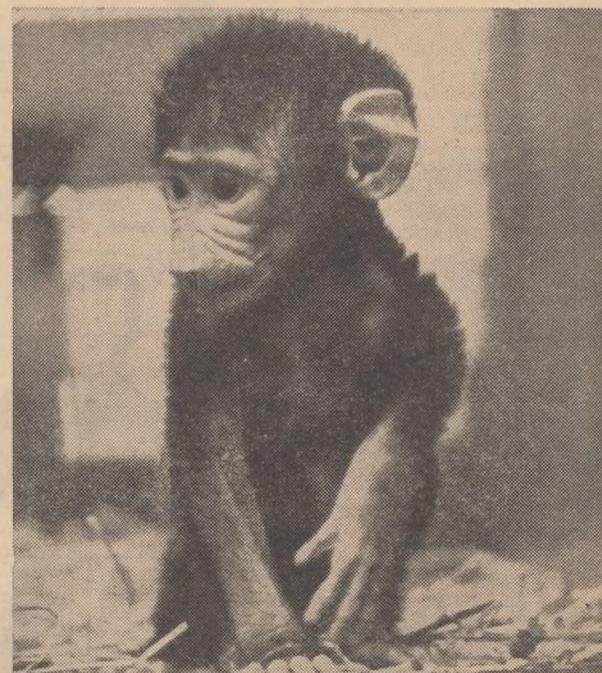


Fritz, a St. Bernard dog which came to this country as the pet of a captured German officer, was saved from death by a young W.R.N. who offered to pay for his keep while he was in quarantine. The animal is in quarantine at Mr. J. M. Ingram's kennels at Oxted, Surrey, where he has been under the care of Miss Pam Laurence, to whom he has become greatly attached. He is now learning English words of command.



"Oh, I wonder if I'll ever be so lovely?"

Zorina of 20th Century Fox. Astar who also looks charming in stripes.



"Now that child's parents sure must be sweet."



This England

A view from Newlands Corner, near Guildford, Surrey.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Bit of bad luck YOU had son."

